THE ACTING OF THE SEASON

PERFORMANCES THAT STAND OUT SIGNIFICANTLY.

Many Fine Individual Portrayals and Examples of Excellent Ensemble That Prove We Still Have Actors-How a Season Has Cleared the Field.

"We are taught that even beetles are sent for a benign end," said Cayley Drummle. And those of us who are neither actors out of a job nor managers minus a profit can find a certain benignity in the financial depression of the past winter when we consider it in relation to the stage.

For when times are hard men and women are driven to moving pictures or even as a last extremity to staying at home, and the theatre benefits. The manager doesn't benefit, but we are talking about the theatre now as an artistic institution, not a collar button emporium nor a second hand clothing store. The theatre benefits because the reople spend their restricted earnings only on such plays as possess definite merit or attractiveness. Those betwixt and between affairs, those plays which like certain of the angels are neither for Jehovah nor for his enemies, but which in prosperous times pick up an overflow patronage from the better dramas or attract the idle by the mere birdlime of an electric lamp, in hard times go to the wall with the definitely They went this winter by the dozen; and that is well. A good, wholesome destruction of mediocrity is a pleasant sight to see. It clears the forest of the trees, brings into view the enduring timber; it permits the good plays and the good acting to stand out. And because good plays and good acting always survive it says, so plainly that any but a manager can hear: After all in the long run the best is none too good. The people are not, unless they can amply afford it, congenital idiots. You, little manager, sitting in your office planning how you can produce down to the public and hear the merry jingle of their coin, try producing up to them for a bit, get a ladder, let some intelligent actor or another boost you if the level should happen to be higher than your own, take a deep breath of the rarefied air and then see where you stand at the end of a panic season. You might almost be as flush as Henry Miller.

Henry Miller-that name is potent in the American theatre just now. Mr. Miller, who is himself an actor and one of the few thoroughgoing stage managers in the country, made a bad mistake this winter when he revived "The Passing Regiment." With charming frankness he confessed that his memories of the play under the old Daly regime were to blame; and he set himself resolutely toward the future aga'n, turned his back on tradition and put on "The Servant in the House," a play that has none of the elements (not even a "love interest") managers declare are essential for success, and nearly every one of the elements managers declare spell failure. He put this play on with one of the best all around companies trained into one of the best ensembles seen on Broadway in years, and the result has been packed houses at every performance, discussions in clubs and societies, sermons for or against the drama-in short, stimulation of broad, healthy, serious interest in the theatre. Meanwhile Mr. Miller himself continues to play with great success that fine drama, "The Great Divide." Why should he worry about the financial storm? His house is builded upon a rock. The parable is familiar, but it continues to

And the parable applies no less to the acting of them than to the plays themselves. Let us look to-day at the season now closing for the acting only, putting what performances stand out and why. Let us try to discover what definite advances have been made or are in promise toward that modern ideal of acting set forth last Sunday-the minute and faithful reproduction of the author's meaning; the imitation not of other actors but of life, the tracking down of a significant psychology instead of the old, external apings, the oratorical laugh or cry.

In the memory of the present writer two performances stand out as clearly to-day as they did on the evening they were first seen, and several other performances flock behind them. The season. poor perhaps in the number of good plays has not been pour in good acting, when that acting has been guided by intelligent management; and this good acting has been almost without exception proclaimed by the public and more or less consciously accepted as a standard and guide. Thanks to the consistent failure of mediocrity the season of 1907-08, though it has put hosts of players out of a job, will in the end probably prove a tonic to. the profession.

The two performances of the season that rise highest for the present writer as he looks backward are Sothern's Don Quixote and Russ Whytal's Judge Prentice (in "The Witching Hour"). The personal equation

ers so largely into any estimate of the relative merits of acting that nobody would be foolish enough to declare dogmatically these two performances the best of the winter. There was Mrs. Campbell's Electra (though perhaps foreign stars should not be here considered at all), and certainly there were Otis Skinner's Col. Bridau and Walter Hampden's Servant and Tyrone Power's Drain Man, not to forget Warfield's Wes' Bigelow. But no one will deny that the two first named were very fine

and their significance as great as any. For Sothern's Don Quixote, even though was a character set in an unfortunately otherwise rather uninteresting play, and though in the mere physical execution of the role the actor, wearied with rehearsals Mr. Sothern sometimes works too hard for his and our good), did not have a sufficiently muscular vocalism, achieved a poetic pathos of unusual depth and power. it was a pathos very far from the tearful outburst of Miss Anglin, even from the tender, half playful tears of Warfield. It was a pathos too profound, too wide for tears, for it was the pathos of the Sorrowful Knight himself. One does not shed tours over a masterpiece. They are the lesser works which make you weep. Perhaps that is because the masterpiece always transcends the personal, perhaps because it charms with the perfection of its style even at its most poignant moments. At any rate, much pathos was in Sothern's Don Quixote, even as in Cervantes's book. And as Mr. Sothern had already shown as Rodion his ability to play successfully the most modern psychological drama? and on numerous past occasions his skill in the more conventional plays of comedy or romance, his poetic realization of the

in him an actor of rare distinction and lofty purpose. This winter has proved that the leadership of our stage, so far as acting is concerned, is in worthy and in-Of quite a different sort is Russ Whytal's Judge Prentice. Thanks to Mr. Thomas's personal stage management of his drama,

Don, his profoundly imaginative and noble

stage picture of that world type, showed

more conclusively than ever that we have

here again it has been shown that we have the actors; what we generally lack is intelligent management. For the ensemble of "The Witching Hour." though the cast boasts the name of no star save John Mason's, is practically flawless. That is recognized and commented upon by every theatregoer. No small share of the play's success is due to the all round perfection of the playing a wholesome lesson for most managers and some stars. And that Russ Whytal shines especially in such a per-formance is the best proof of his merit.

His work stands out for a single very definite reason. He is called upon to portray a Supreme Court Justice, a man of great intellectual force and dignity and deep spiritual nature; and he does it How many times we have seen Cabinet Ministers, statesmen, poets, Generals, imaginary or drawn from history, represented on the stage, and how seldom have they been more than so many actors trying to appear grave or learned or profound. What is more sad than the sight of the ordinary actor affecting intellectual pro fundity? It is as incongruous as would be the sight of President Eliot or William James playing pool in the Lambs Club The old time actors had a way of getting around the difficulty; they did it by means of a statuesque demeanor, a sonorous voice and, if possible, blank verse dialogue. But men of intellectual profundity are seldom of statuesque demeanor, nor are their voices universally sonorous; and their conver sation does not in ordinary circumstances differ materially from our own, except there is less of it. The modern actor in a modern play, if his author is unwise enough to give him a man of intellectual force to portray is confronted by a task far more difficult. perhaps, than many a "classic" rôle pre-

Such a task Russ Whytal accomplish with apparent ease, and it should be said at once that every audience has seen and given him the credit. How did he do it? Not by any affectations of dignity, any posturings of grave learnedness, any pomposities or strut. He was wise enough to know that such things are of the traditions theatre. But he did it by observing life itself, by maintaining a simple, unaffected bearing, the smiling, kindly naturalness a man truly large and wise. Perhaps Mr. Whytal has mingled often with such men -as it was Booth's object in founding the Players Club that his fellows should do, for Booth was a truly large and wise man himself and saw the dangers that beset the actor. Surely Mr. Whytal has observed them, understood them, understood the particular character of Judge Prentice And he has imitated them, not other actors he has given to his Judge not only the bear ing of intellectual force but of that peculia judicial force which subtly differentiates Justice from his fellows. Mr. Whytal's performance is essentially realistic, essentially modern; it belongs in spirit to the new drama. And yet what scoffer, what ancient graybeard, can say that it is not lovely, that it is not indeed poetic? There is the world poetry of such a characte as Don Quirote; there is the personal poetry of such a lifelike, contemporary, admirable figure as Judge Prentice. Both are happily far removed from the pasteboard romance of the conventional theatre; and the realizations of these characters by Mr Sothern and Mr. Whytal this winter triumphantly show the possibilities of our stage to-day, triumphantly prove we still have actors.

Neither Mr. Skinner's nor Mr. Warfield's nor Mr. Keenan's performances this season call for further comment now. It has been perfectly plain for some years that all three men are capable of vivid character impersonation. None of them has appeared during the past winter in a play of any great significance, though "A Grand Army Man" possessed a photographic realism of setting that was wholly admirble. Yet each man by sheer actor's skill has made a living figure of more value than the play, and a figure in tune with the more natural method of acting that prevails in the modern theatre.

Of more novelty has been the discovery this season of a fine and growing talent in Walter Hampden, who has returned to his native city after a training in England. Mr. Hampden began the season supporting Nazimova and attracted attention by intelligent and picturesque portrayal of the Master Builder. He is ending it as The Servant in "The Servant in the House" -a play he was in no small measure instrumental in placing on the stage. The Servant is a difficult rôle, not so much because of any vocal demands or psychological intricacies as because the smallest lack of dignity and reverence in the player would make it intolerably blasphemous and profane. Mr. Hampden has amply shown that dignity and reverence are a part of his equipment and fine things may be expected of him in the future. It is said that he plays "Hamlet" with as much enjoyment as the modern drama. Cannot Mr. Miller be induced to let us see him in that part?

Another shining example of the merely commercial value of good stage management has been afforded this season by "Paid in Full," a play that, like "The Witching Hour" and "The Servant in the House. has been vastly helped into popularity by the excellence of its ensemble. Wagenhals & Kemper, the young managers who had the courage to accept the play, also had the intelligence to stage it properly and without any star actor either. Yet Tully Marshall as Joseph Brooks stands out in the cast by virtue of his performance. His is a thankless rôle from the actor's point of view, because Brooks becomes utterly a cad and loses all sympathy of the audience. Mr. Marshall, however, is not concerned; he sets to work to discover exactly what external forces brought out the latent caddishness and abominable qualities in this weak willed youth and then shows their workings with vivid naturainess. Mr. Marshall here is superior to his author. Mr. Walter, you feel, made Brooks abominable largely because that was the easiest way to bring about his third act situation. Mr. Marshall, taking Brooks rather as a specific human being than a pawn in the plot, extracts every bit of logical cause from circumstance and keeps Brooks human in spite of his author. He never seems to play for the story at all; always he is playing to explain, to make real, the character of Brooks. He is not playing a part; he is tracking down life. It is a fine piece of acting, disclosing just the kind of intelligence and skill to make vital and moving the modern drama of contemporary life, the drama that has a purpose above the mere trickle of a story. the rehashing of conventional situationsthat is searching for truth.

We always look for a well balanced and carefully trained cast in Mrs. Fiske's productions. More than any other native star Mrs. Fiske realizes the superior importance of the play. She never demands the subordination of other rôles to her own, she never cuts or alters the text to "feed up" the star part. Any actor in her company is welcome to walk off with the bonors if be can. Mrs. Fiske played here but a brief three weeks this winter, however, in "Ros-

tunity to observe tt. We ought to keep Mrs. | EDUCATIONAL CHEAP OPERA Fiske in New York a large part of every eason; we ought to see her company in a variety of plays. She is one of the leaders of our theatre.

The list of native actors who have distinguished themselves this winter might easily be extended, but each reader can do that for himself. It ought to include Miss Katherine Gray, for instance, whose work in "The Reckoning" was passionately lifelike, simple and true. That it will include an unusual percentage of men is a phenomenon not easily explained—not easily explained, at any rate, in a way satisfactory to the ladies! If up to a certain point it is easier to teach a woman to act than a man, beyond that point, perhaps the man is more daring and has the larger grasp on his author's intention. A man or example, would not have hesitated to nake himself grotesque in "The Jesters' o secure the effect of contrast when the hump was thrown off. Miss Adams wore such a tiny hump that it was almost invisible and she was hardly less attractive before she discarded it than after. This has been a season when pretty personalities have not counted for much, when virility and force and truth in the drama and theacting have been essential to success. And our actors have risen to the occasion better than our

But just because virility and force and truth have been demanded we have had chance to see how much of these qualities exists in our players. And he would be a hopeless croaker indeed who should say that the result has not been gratifying. The winter has left the memory of many fine individual performances and it has unmistakably left the lesson that fine ensemble performances are still possible, still potent; that plays can still be well acted throughout and succeed far more when they are so acted. Let us again repeat one of the chief morals of the season What our theatre needs is not actors, but stage managers. What the actors need WALTER P. EATON. chance.

LITTLE TRIP IN AN AUTO. Man Who Knows About Horses Meets

Friend Who Knows About Autos. Honk! Honk! The nervous little man eaped aside to avoid a smell that was taking a ride in a very speedy gocart.

"I don't much mind dodging 'em," he said looking after the auto. "Especially since the other day, when I squoze a siren myself and made several feet power travellers jump as if they had been handed a matrimonial ad. That ride had some queen features too.

"I had never got real chummy with ar auto, and even took pains to avoid 'em in the street. But when Brown asked me to take a little trip with him I determined

"I found him walking laps around a big ed car, inspecting it attentively. "'It'll do very well,' he said careless! I'm a bit cranky, old man, about seeing that things are right before a start. Save trouble, you know. Jump in.

"By Jove!' he exclaimed grinning, 'there' Jenkins and on horseback. Hello, Jenkins You are a rummy to monkey with a saddle horse. There are some empty seats in the back row of this get there cart to which you are welcome.

"Thanks, no,' replied Jenkins the back of a decent looking animal. 'Prince here may not be able to unloose much velocity, but he hasn't anything to go wrong and make you camp by the roadside until succor arrives.'

"The horse,' returned Brown, 'belongs to the past. He will soon be extinct. Never mind. You'll see light some day. Ta, ta.' "Before I had time to-grab my hat we jumped forward half a mile. As soon as

Brown began to waggle the levers the andscape became a smudge. A chicken was first a speck and then a squawk.

"That road appeared to be built down hill all the way. Every time we reached a curve we slid in a manner that made me that may appear and hang on.

curve we slid in a manner that made me shut my eyes and hang on.

"We had covered leagues in this dizzy fashion when the motor began to lose its enthusiasm. It made plaintive noises that soon became feebler, and the car stopped. This was very gratifying to me, but Brown did not appear to share my feelings.

"He descended and lifted up a cover, laying bare the car's viscera. The motor was a wormy looking, deceptive little affair. He took off his coat and probed it about an hour and a half.

"Jenkins and his horse hove into view.
"Have you broken down?" grinned Jen-

"'Have you broken down?' grinned Jen

"No," replied Brown. 'I'm only giving this motor its daily music lesson.'

Jenkins laughed. 'Well, you're welcome to a tow, old man. This horse is a relic of the past and he will soon be extinct. But I guess he won't mind hauling you a few miles." We had to accept humiliating terms

miles.'

"We had to accept humiliating terms.
Prince, it appeared, was by no means equal
to the task of pulling a motor car with two
men in it. So we had to trudge on foot and
watch that snorting fly banquet amble along
with Jenkins on his back and our auto
trailing behind.

"All at once Prince began to limp. He
developed a humpy gait that had Jenkins
splashing the scenery with worry. He
dismounted and investigated Prince's
anatomy. He prodded the poor beast,
but couldn't find the answer.

"Nobody said much, but Brown returned
to his motorological researches with something like alacrity. Jenkins watched.

"Why, it's the pump, you idiot,' he
shouted. He made a flank attack on the
exposed enigma and in a minute had the
motor chugging in its natural voice.

"We were joyous, but Jenkins was worried.
The horse, he said, was both borrowed and
valuable. He wasn't sure how much its
constitution might suffer from travelling
with one of its pins batting under 200.

"'A horse,' quoted Brown, 'hasn't anything to go wrong and make you camp

"'A horse,' quoted Brown, 'hasn't any-thing to go wrong and make you camp by the roadside until succor arrives. But I guess that car is big enough to give him a ride.' ride.'
"I don't know how they did it. Despite
abusive language I was incapable of anything except helpless laughter. They
tugged and heaved that unwilling anima

tugged and heaved that unwilling animal for half an hour.
"I have a dim recollection of one end being hoisted into the car and of the other end following, amid strenuous activity, ten minutes later. The only position the horse had room to assume was to sit down. horse had room to assume was to sit down and he did look bizarre.

"Brown couldn't figure out that there was any place in the car left for Jenkins and we started on, leaving him in the dim background. The horse was not properly grateful and furrowed up paint in an awful

fashion.

"Before long Brown's conscience smote him. Jenkins had long been out of sight. He turned and scrutinized the nag.

"That blind chump Jenkins ought to walk! he exclaimed. 'Nothing ails Prince but a stone under his shoe.'

"He yanked out a bit of rock and stopped.

When Jenkins caught up they put on an-

When Jenkins caught up they put on another catch as catch can stunt with the other catch as catch can stunt with the horse and got him untangled from the car.

"Jenkins looked relieved.

"To tell the truth, he said, 'I've been putting up an awful bluff. This is the first time I ever navigated a horse. But I do know something about motor cars.'

"Jenkins,' replied Brown, confidentially."

I never drove a motor car but once before, though I have a fairly decent stable.

"Those chaps had n a thinking in centripetal circles. I shook those irresponsible riflers and came home on a trolley."

Biding Her Time.

From the Boston Herald. A Boston child not yet in her teens and unusually precocious, with exceptional penemersholm," a baffling drams, too subtle for popular appeal. There was the same aplendid ensemble, but too little oppose- and not naughty when I do so and so?" a

HOW MUCH DOES IT EDUCATE TASTE?

Can a Bad Performance Be Made a Good Performance by a Low Rate of Admission?-Orchestral Concerts at Low Prices Better for the Cause of Music.

The collarse of the Knickerbocker Grand Opera Company, which began its career last Monday night at the Majestic Theatre and terminated it on the following morning when the manager read the newspapers was not altogether unexpected by those who have for years watched the progress o musical affairs. If some of these ambitious impresarios who are so eager to rush into the musical arena at the end of the season of high priced Broadway opera would sit down and have a heart to heart talk with one James W. Morrissey they would learn things greatly to their advantage. Mr. Morrissey used to have the operation fever very badly in the gentle spring and

he used to blossom forth at the Grand Opera House about the same time as violets in New Jersey. It was rare indeed that he did not have a much better company than any of these which now devastate the land in May. Mr. Morrissey's audiences were not composed chiefly of Italians who are ready and eager to shout "brava" for anything which emanates from their own sunny land. His patrons were hard headed Americans who had the Grand Opera House habit, and they would not have tolerated the exhibition of our osities which so often parades into town in these days as a "season of grand opera" at low prices.

Gustave Hinrichs also could tell many things about opera at "popular" rates He too had some respectable companies especially in the Philadelphia days when he produced "Cavalleria Rusticana" with singers quite good enough to be heard in either of the large opera houses of this city. But Mr. Hinrichs, as well as Mr. Morrissey, would doubtless testify that the giving of opera at low price was an enterprise comoining faith, hope and charity.

It seems strange that this fact does not strike every man in the business. People in this country do not go to hear operas, except in rare instances. They go chiefly to hear singers. The opera is an exotic. It bears no relation to the life or thought the people of the land. The stories of the operas have no vitality for us. We look upon them as mere pretexts for the composition of arias for the tenor, the soprano and the barytone. A great pictorial scene exists for the sake of the introduction of an ensemble. The language used on the operatic stage is one which few of us understand, and we are generally glad that we do not understand it.

Most of our operagoers do not even read the librettos of the operas. These patrons of the lyric art have a vague and uncertain notion of the story of the opera before them. They never identify the singers with the characters. You may sit in either of our opera houses an entire season and you will ever hear any one speak of Tosca or Cavaradossi or Mimi or Marguerite. You ear only of Eames, Caruso, Farrar, Mary Garden.

The operagoer does not expect interpre tation. He expects simply to look upon the spectacle of a famous singer in the act of singing and to hear a quantity of big tone or facile execution. Singer worship, not nusic worship, is the foundation of the sucess of opera in this town.

The theory of opera at low prices is that the people who cannot afford to go to the Metropolitan and Hammerstein's ought to have opportunities to hear the famous creations of the great masters. This is a delusive theory, for the excellent reason that it is these people desire to hear.

If it were true that there was a vast popular desire to hear the operas on the part of persons unable to afford the luxury of the big opera houses there would be no difficulty whatever in conducting a low priced opera house even in the regular nusical season. It would not be necessary to wait till the big opera houses were closed and then try to induce New Yorkers to go and listen to fourth rate singers, whose reputations are manufactured by most excellent Friars two or three days before they make their débuts here.

Now let us frankly admit that the ap parent success of the Abramson company seems to controvert all the statements herein made. Nevertheless this success might readily be analyzed with informing results. The company gives yigorous. unpolished but by no means stupid performances at very low prices, and a certain amount of skill has been displayed in the methods used to interest people in the personalities of the singers. Furthermore many honest souls have been deeply impressed by the reiterated assertion that these performances are a great and "very special" bargain.

The irresistible temptation to measure up the performance by the standard of its price and declare that it is very good indeed for a dollar is amusing, for it is conceded that you cannot buy a masterpiece of painting (even at auction) for \$4.86, and a bad picture is bad no matter what its price. A bad opera performance is bad even

if it is sold at a low price. The price is not a foot rule for the measurement of an artistic standard. A bad performance is bad even when it costs \$5 a seat, and a good performance is no better at 50 cents than at a guinea a stall. In other words, the quality of the representation is a matter entirely separate from the cost of it.

The question which really does arise is whether one is willing to accept an inferior performance merely because he can get at a low price. If he is let him do so honestly and not contend that it is as good as that for which he pays \$5 unless it really is as

But to return to the original proposition there are not enough people in this town who are willing to admit that they have not the price of the Metropolitan or Manhattan opera to make cheap opera a promising venture. Neither can the managers of these "popular" enterprises procure singers of sufficient personal charm to interest the masses. The salvation of the Abramson season at the American Theatre was the personal success of Mme. Desana, a young and inexperienced singer, who is in a fair way to tear out of her pretty throat all the voice that is in it. But she sings in the fashion that her audiences like, with all her might and main. She will be sorry for some day, but meanwhile she has brought attention upon this cheap entertainment. The same may be said in some measure of Mr. Samdilov. Some of us do not care if we never hear him again-but there are

others. Much nonsense is talked and written about all 'cheap musical performances. The specious plea of their educational value is put forward, and it carries no little weight with persons who ought to be able to discern its weakness. A cheap edition of Shakespeare or Homer is an admirable hing, for the excellent reason that it is still Shakespeare or Homer. When a man

what a mighty intellect fashioned in words. A SUNDAY SCHOOL QUESTION is paying not for the creation of an author but the product of the bookmaker. Hence the poor man who buys a dollar Shake speare gets the pure and unadulterated bard of Avon just as surely as the man who pays \$100.

But let us suppose that the proprietor of the cheap Shakespeare takes it into his head that he desires to see "Hamlet" enacted on the stage. Can he get as good a per-formance in a 50 cent orchestra stall as in one for \$2.50? Will the Hamlet whose

salary is \$30 a week be as good as Booth? It is highly improbable. Now we are asked to believe that the people who go to these cheap opera performances are re-ceiving an educational idea of the works performed, when as a matter of fact they are not getting any true idea of them at all Everything they hear is misleading. They are hearing Verdi and Gounod manhandled and mauled, and they are being deluded into the supposition that this is the art about which such a large part of this majestic world has quite lost its senses.

But even if this were not the case, the o-called educational importance of these operatio ventures would be greatly overrated. It has yet to be proved that a taste for "Il Trovatore" or "La Traviata" is an uplifting influence in human life. It could be demonstrated without serious difficulty that a fondness for most of the operas o recent manufacture was of precisely the opposite nature.

If what has already been said here

true, namely, that people who go to the opera are moved principally by their ad-miration for the strenuous doings of singers, then it is quite certain that the hearing of operas does very little for the elevation of taste or the refinement of sensibilities On the other hand there is a form of musical entertainment which can be given at low price and which has a real and beautiful influence on taste and feeling. This is the orchestral concert. An institution such as the People's Symphony Society does more good in a month than all the cheap opera enterprises can in ten years. It offers to people who cannot afford to pay two or three dollars a seat the opportunity to hear the symphonic masterpieces of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann

and others at merely nominal figures. Now let us see wherein the conditions surrounding these concerts differ from those attendant on cheap opera. Why are not Beethoven and Mozart manhandled and mauled as Verdi and Gounod are when given at "popular" prices? This is a perfectly fair and natural question, but it is not at all difficult to answer.

The singers engaged for the cheap oper companies are usually not competent to sing the principal parts in operas. They sing them execrably. In order to hear the operas properly interpreted one must go to the expensive opera house where the really capable singers are engaged.

But an orchestra, without being co posed of great performers, may be of re spectable abilities and quite capable of giving respectable performances of the great orchestra compositions. Furthermore there is no such thing as cheapening the rate of payment of orchestral players. The men who play in the orchestra of the People's Symphony Society, which can be heard for 25 cents, are just as competent and just as well paid as those who play in Mr. Damrosch's orchestra or the Philhar monic Society.

The hearing of these musicians at low prices is not made possible by cheapening the cost of giving the entertainment in the rate of payment of the players. The orchestra is somewhat smaller than the Symphony Society or the Philharmonic The conductor does not receive a fancy salary. The concert hall does not cost as much. And a number of philanthropic persons stand, behind the enterprise and expenses as the receipts of the concerts cannot pay. That is why the entertainment can be offered at a low price.

The patrons of these concerts are getting the Beethoven and Mozart, not caricatures of them. Let us admit that sometimes the performances are crude and unfinished and that there might easily be a finer spirit in them. Nevertheless the audience finds its attention centred upon the music. Its interest is not invited for Signor Tenorini or Signora Sopfanista. It is claimed by the composer, for an orchestra is an impersonal instrument and cannot be a prima donna any more than a chorus

can. As to the comparative merits of orchestral music and opera there will always be a difference of opinion. Those who do not desire to stand in the presence of a pure and unadulterated art, an art which in the nobility of the conceptions and the directness of the utterance demands a certain humility of attitude on the part of its devotees, will always hold that the tinsel glitter and sensuous excitement of the opera constitute a passionate de livery far above the instrumental song of Mozart or Beethoven.

On the other hand those who hold that an art should be independent will cling to their old fashioned faith in the orchestra. Music which is just music and nothing but music is a stronger and better art than music which requires pictures, text and action to support it. The latter sort is easier

for the multitude. Many a good weman who believes that she is profoundly stirred by the melody of Bizet's "Carmen" is really only excited by the restless action of Calvé. Many a man who honestly thinks himself a worshipper of the talent of Puccini is merely a victim of the seductive tones of Caruso's voice. Hundreds who believe themselves Wagnerites without guile are more affected by the frequent employment of gauze drops and steam than by the mallifluous interweavings of the leading therees in the

But when one sits down to listen to the fifth symphony of Beethoven he will surely come to a realization of the fact that he is in the presence of something not made to court the smiles of light minded triflers. He will realize that he is confronted by a powerful and self-contained masterwork which needs no accessories, no personal medium of communication, no cheep clap trap, no trumpery aid. It will stand triumphant proclamation of alone, a genius. And when the hearer goes home ne will think not of a performance but of an immortal conception.

W. J. HENDERSON.

Birthplace of the leebergs.

From St. Nicholas. We might call Greenland the world's ice box. If you glance at the map you will see

box. If you glance at the map you will see that the State of New York, large as it seems to us, is not over one-twentieth of the size of Greenland. For New York contains only 47,000 square in the glaciers are steadily moving away from the centre of Greenland, really being crowded off the land, and it will not seem so strange that here is the birthplace of nearly all of the teebergs that are so feared by the mariner.

Big Trout for Vermont. Johnsbury correspondence St. Albans Messenger.

bor the excellent reason that it is bolds the record for fishing in this vicinity, having caught a lake trout in Lake Caspian, a:

disconner. When a man edition de luxe he pays not for Greensboro, weighing 21% pounds.

and of the state o

PAID TEACHERS OR VOLUN TEERS?-A NEW ISSUE.

nerensing Employment of Paul Bible In structors in the Last Half Dozen Years -Needs of Sunday Schools—Advantages of Instruction by Trained Teachers.

Half a dozen years ago there were no paid Sunday school teachers in this city. To-day there are two Sunday schools where the classes are taught by paid men and women only and a dozen others whose equipment includes from two to ten or more paid teachers. In addition many Bible teachers are employed to instruct children at their home on Sundays.

The first to make use of paid Bible teachers was the Model Sunday School, which meets in Teachers College and has now a membership of all the control of the bership of about 150. In this school pupils pay for the instruction they receive. It had its start after this fashion:

About five years ago two families of the neighborhood not being satisfied with the Bible instruction given in the Sunday school of their church engaged a teache from the college to come every Sunday morning to the home of one of them and instruct the children of the family in Bible studies. The children liked the plan, and soon other mothers in the vicinity, hearing of the class, asked that their children be allowed to join it.

Before long the size of the class and the different ages of the pupils made it necessary to have more than one teacher and a larger room. Teachers College was appealed to, and the next autumn the Model Sunday School was started with about fifty pupils and equipped with superintendent, officers and teachers. The charge for tuition was placed at \$15 a year for each child, with a few free scholarships.

From the first the Sunday curriculum was graded with as much care as the week day curriculum, and visitors were often impressed with the interest shown by pupils and the skill of the teachers in imparting instruction. Among the visitors were Sunday school superintendents, some of whom decided that to include a few paid teacher among their own force of teachers would be a good thing.

Dr. Parkhurst's Sunday school was one of the first to employ paid teachers, and it is the only school, so far as is known, in which there are practically no volunteers To be sure the school is not large, but it is larger than it was formerly. The superintendent, who is the assistant pastor of the church, says the plan works well.

In the East Side chapel Sunday school of St. Thomas's parish, which enrolls about 200 children, there is not one paid teacher The superintendent, who is also the rector of the chapel, does not favor paid teachers. The personal equation, he says, counts for far more than book knowledge. "I would rather," said he, "have a teacher

with ideals than ideas. An unlettered person who lives the Bible is a betten teacher in my opinion than one who knows the Bible from cover to cover but is not a sincere Christian with a real love for the childre committed to her care on Sunday."

At the Sunday school of St. Bartholomew's East Side chapel, which also includes more than 1,200 children, it is different.

The rector, who also is the superintendent is glad to have some paid teachers because of the lack of competent volunteers. "A capable volunteer teacher who A capable volunteer teacher who knows his or her Bible is the best teacher of all, said he, "in a school of this description, where personal contact and influence count for so much. But such teachers are unfortunately not plentiful.

fortunately not plentiful.

"Better pedagogy is what the Sunday schools must have if they would hold their own. Our pupils come from the public schools, where they are under strict discipline and are taught by the most up to date methods, and if the Sunday school has a lax disciplinarian at its head and boys encounter teachers who have little method in counter teaching and perhaps less knowledge of what they are teaching, they are bound to lose all respect for the Sunday school and think that it doesn't matter whether

they attend it or not.
"In this school the three parish visitors,

all of whom have taken special on Bible study, are in charge of as many classes, and besides that we have occasionally as many as six paid teachers on hand. We use them as substitutes. None has a

ally as many as six paid teachers en hand. We use them as substitutes. None has a regular class.

"My hope is eventually to build up a large enough force of trained voluntaers to do away with the need of paid teachers. It can be done. St. George's Sunday school, for example, one of the largest in the city, has a splendid corps of teachers, which includes few who are not accomplished Bible students. lible students.

Bible students.

"It was never more necessary than now for Sunday schools to teach the Bible. The Bible is not taught in the public schools, it is not taught to the average child in the average home, not even on Sunday, Where, then, will children get knowledge of the Bible if not at Sunday school?

"For many years Grace Chapel Sunday school, of more than 1,000 children, has made a practice of hiring five or six seminarians every Sunday to assist in teaching the classes, and with the best results. It is a fine school."

Over on the West Side of the town is a Sunday school of 750 children under the care of Christ Church, which is a branch of the Brick Presbyterian Church. Here six or seven paid teachers are now on hand every Sunday to fill vacancies.

"The New York Sunday school presents a curious problem," the pastor remarked when questioned as to this feature of church work. "The long continued interest of a devoted volunteer teacher, the personal faterest of the volunteer, counts for much in the Bible training of any class. The devotion of a teacher who gives herself to the work simply for love cannot be overcestimated for good. But unfortunately there are not enough of these teachers to go round.

"A man or woman who comes to take a o go round.

man or woman who comes to take a "A man or woman who comes to take a class because he is urged to do it and who has no love for the work and a positive dislike to paying calls in tenement houses is not going to prove of high value in the rôle of teacher. This class of teacher is easily frightened off.

"As a rule the paid teacher qualifies. She goes at her work avarantically and

easily frightened off.

"As a rule the paid teacher qualifies. She goes at her work systematically and is not easily scared. She commands respect at the start.

"We pay from \$1 to \$3 to these teachers, only two of whom have regular classes. Two parish visitors who have had a special Bible training also assist in the Sunday school, one teaching the infant department and the other the young men's class.

"I do not agree with the persons who believe that the Sunday school is an antiquated institution, but I will say that the ordinary and often slipshod methods of the old time Sunday school will not pass muster to-day. To keep Sunday school attendance up to normal requires twice as much work now as it did ten or twenty years ago. The attendance at this school has not fallen off, but then we work twice as hard to keep it up as we ever did before."

The East Side Sunday school in connection with the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Sunday school of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, of which Dr. Stinson is pastor, and the chapel Sunday school of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church are others which are making use of several paid teachers every week and whose superintendents believe that in some measure the paid teacher will before long have a place in every large, pro-

in some measure the paid teacher will be-fore long have a place in every large, progressive Sunday school. Indications are, indeed, that the demand for such teachers will be greater than the supply, unless the schools fall back on teachers engaged in secular work who have a good knowledge of the Bible.

At present, except in the case of the Model Sunday School, all the paid Sunday Model Sunday School, all the paid Sunday school teachers are Bible students, who eventually will engage in religious work only, and they are to be had mostly from the Bible Teachers Training School in Lexington avenue. Before the establishment of this school, which is the only one of its kind in New York or near New York, to obtain paid teachers in a hurry of a Sunday would have been impossible, and the management cannot at times supply the demand for Christian workers.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The largest striped bass caught by a woman with rod and line on this coast was captured few days ago in Larkspur slough by Mrs. arrie M. Blundon.

The fish scaled twenty-three pounds dressed, and was replete in spawn at the time of its death. The successful fisherwoman said that she was using a very light rod at said that she was using a very light rod at the time the big fish snapped her clam batt from the mud bottom, but the battle it gav for its freedom was not what the angler ex-pected. In fact, it succumbed within ten minutes of the time it was hooked. Mrs. Blundon is, however, very proud of her achievement.

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